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## Choice Poetry.

### THE WAY WE WENT TO BRAUPORT.

Fall fifty all we were that day,  
When out to sea we sped away,  
With a feeling of brooding mystery;  
Round there was no telling where,  
But we knew there was strife to share,  
And we felt our mission was bound to bear  
A place in heroic history.

The man at the helm, nothing knew he,  
As he stirred his ship out into the sea,  
On that moon of radiant beauty,  
And the ships outspread their wings, and flew  
Like warbirds over the water blue;  
One thought alone each man of us knew—  
How best to do our duty.

Not a breath of wherefore or why was heard,  
Not a doubtful thought or a doubtful word,  
Or idle speculation;  
But a spirit of inspiring trust  
Filled each man's breast, as it always must,  
When leaders are brave, and a cause is just—  
And ours the cause of a nation.

And thus we went—the hurricane's breath  
Was felt in our track, like the blast of death,  
But we had no thought of turning;  
Onward and onward the good fleet sped,  
Locked in its breast the secret dread,  
To break in plume over treason's head,  
Where—where should our learning.

But leave Deput and Sherman know  
Where the bolt should light, and each gallant crew  
Was ready to heed their orders.  
Fort Royal, Ho! and a bright, warm day,  
We made land many miles away;  
And suddenly there before us lay  
Fierce Chulula's borders.

The mystery was all compassed then,  
And the hearts of us all, many men  
Closed up, the prospect viewing;  
There it was—the human mind,  
However gentle, or good, or kind,  
That is always to double its fit inclined,  
When near where a fight is brewing.

The relief was a fearful note  
From our rife cannon's open throat,  
And our shells flew fast and steady.  
The battle is over—the strife is done—  
The stars and stripes from the forts have run—  
The blow is struck, and victory won—  
Beauties are ours already!

And then we sailed to the beautiful town,  
When we tore the emblem of treason down,  
And planted the stars and stripes;  
And the lovers of Heaven seemed to play  
With its folds in a tender and loving way,  
As though they were proud to welcome the day,  
And the old familiar manner.

A thrill pervaded the loyal band,  
When the glad tidings came to hand;  
Each heart felt joy's emotion!  
The clouds of gloom and doubt dispersed,  
The sun of love through the darkness burst,  
And the patriot's heart was nursed,  
Roused with a warmer devotion.

## Select Tale.

### POPPING THE QUESTION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY

A merchant tailor in the city of Buffalo, having accumulated a competency at his trade, determined to throw aside his shears and bodkin, and spend the remainder of his days on a farm.

He purchased several hundred acres of land in Tonawanda, and there was a "fishing ground" on the estate. Mr. C., the ex-merchant, was delighted with his new occupation, and he devoted his best efforts, with untiring zeal, to farming and fishing.

Being hard of hearing, he often made ludicrous blunders, which excited the merriment of his friends and customers. His graceful and beautiful daughter was at a boarding school near to New York city, at the time her father purchased the farm. She had a lover, and promised to marry him, provided he could obtain the consent of her parent to the matrimonial alliance.

The young man travelled West as far as the iron horse would carry him in that direction. On the morning after his arrival, he was strolling on the banks of the creek that swept through the village of Tonawanda, when he met a plain old gentleman dressed in homespun, and inquired of him "if the creek had commenced running to the Falls yet."

"Principally pike and mullet," said he.

"You misunderstand me," continued the young man. "I merely wish to know if the creek has commenced their trips to the Falls of Niagara, and what the fare is."

"From three to four cents a pound," said the old man to insult me?"

"I will let you have a large quantity for two cents."

"I have a great mind to give you a canning for your impudence."

"Well, if you do not choose to give it, I know who will."

"I should like to know whether there are any more such fools as you in the town of Tonawanda?"

"We shall make another haul in the morning before daylight."

on a scrap of paper, and save me from suspicion, and satisfy yourself in regard to the old gentleman's politeness?"

The young man commenced writing, when the old farmer-fisherman interrupted him with the remark:

"I will not take a note of hand; cash on the nail, or no trade."

"He is preparing a note," said the last comer.

"Call me a brute, do you?" exclaimed Mr. C.; "then take that!" and snatching the action to the word, he dealt him a blow straight from the shoulder, which prostrated him "flat as a flounder."

By this time the note was finished, and the old gentleman discovered his mistake, and about this time the young stranger made the discovery that he had been picking a quarrel with his prospective father-in-law.

Mr. C. made an apology, and invited both parties to go over to his house and dine. The front door commanded a view of a meadow in which a cow was feeding, and while Mr. C. was looking in that direction, the youthful lover, whose heart was overflowing with emotion, commenced the task he came such a long distance to perform.

"I am acquainted with your daughter," said he, in a loud tone.

"She is a fine beast," remarked the old gentleman, looking at the cow.

"Your daughter!" screamed the young man; "I have the honor to be well acquainted with her."

"She is a noble animal," was the quiet response.

"[Confound the old cow!]" said the young man, in a whisper. "I wish she was out of sight."

"I was speaking about your amiable and accomplished daughter!"

"She is very kind—indeed, never breaks down the fence—never kicks over the pail—never strays away like the other brutes I have."

"You don't understand me, sir! I was speaking of daughter at boarding school!"

"No, I never put a board on her face; she never does any mischief at all."

"Your daughter!" shouted the young man, frantic with excitement.

"Did you say I ought to?"

"No, sir! I was speaking of your daughter, the young lady away from home!"

"Oh, yes—I have plenty of room, but I think she is too old to keep much longer. I have made up my mind to shut her up in the stable, and feed her chop stuff a few weeks."

"Great Heaven!" remarked the young man to himself. "What shall I do? This deafness will be the death of me! I will try once more, and if the effort fails, I will resort to pencil and paper again."

"I should like to say a word respecting your daughter."

"I shall let the butcher have her by and by—if he will give me my price," said the old man, with emphasis.

As a last resort, the young man used his pencil and paper—showed his letters of introduction, handsomely endorsed by men whose opinions were good authority on the delicate subject on the tapis. After a little cross-questioning and a little hesitation, the old gentleman gave his consent; and when the parties were married, he declared it was the best haul he had made in all his life.

## Miscellaneous.

### A NEW IRISH SONG, TO AN OLD IRISH TUNE.

Respectfully dedicated to the brave men who marched to the war, to the "music of the enemy's cannon."

Oh! who was at Stone Bridge?  
Says the Shan Van Voght.  
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circumised some of the Philistines are riding over the holy soil of the South in chariots of fire; even as the chariots of Elijah and Amiadab, and my soul waxeth "forfeal and wonderfully mad."

Oh! brethren, let us do as King David, the sweet psalmist of Israel did, when he arose and went after hissing. (Stop, my brother, don't be in such a hurry to leave; I didn't mean a *ginsing*, but the sling of "the spirits of just men made perfect," which will send a rock into the temples of Abraham Lincoln.) Brethren, let us see if we can't perforate into the meaning of my text—ah! "Curse ye Me-roz!"

ah! My text suggests two points—the cowardice of a *cuss*, and the *cuss* of cowardice.

Firstly, there is always cowardice in a low, ornery *cuss*. A *cuss* is always as full of cowardice as our publishing house is of piety, which you know, my brethren, is an "exclusively religious concern," and publishes among other excellent books, my great work on prophecy called *Armageddon*. Price one dollar and fifty cents—ah!

Secondly, The *cuss* of cowardice.—Who, my brethren and sisters, is a *cuss* of cowardice? A *cuss* of cowardice is one who bellows like a "bull of Bashan" in time of safety, and then runs like a "fatted calf" in the time of danger. There's Isham G. Harris who issued a proclamation a few days ago, talking about "defending the sanctity of our homes and wives and daughters, and dying in the last ditch." Yes, he cavorted mightily, and shouted as he "smelt the battle afar off," but to-day he remaineth like a disconsolate Whangdoodle on the dark mountains of Hespidian, roaring for her first born, and "will not be comforted because they are not." Instead of staying to fight that son of Belial, Andy Johnson, he is packing up his duds for a grand skedaddle. My brethren, he is a *cuss*, and a "cuss of cowardice."

Then there is Gideon Pillow, who has undertaken a contract for digging that "last ditch," of which you have heard so much. I am afraid the "feathers will fly" whenever that case is opened, and that Pillow will give us the slip. The "sword of the Lord" isn't the "sword of Gideon" Pillow, so I shall not bolster him up any longer. Gideon is a "cuss," my brothers, and a "cuss of cowardice."

There is Wash, Barrow, who has been handling millions of dollars, and staying coolly at home, while "jewel fellows of the baser sort" do the fighting. I believe that this *Darrow* belongs to the herd of swine spoken of in the Testament, of whom the devil took possession. Why don't he *bristle up* at the Yankees? Does he want to "save his bacon" more than to save the South? If he does, he ought to be well smoked. He, too, is a "cuss," and a "cuss of cowardice."

Then there is the Vigilance Committee of Nashville. Vigilant about what, I'd like to know. As "vigilant as a cat to steal cream," I guess, as the apostle Paul says in his sermon to Prince Hal. Why don't they shoulder their muskets, and go out to fight the Yankees, instead of running off poor mechanics who have no friends? My friends, they are all "cusses," and "cusses of cowardice."

My brethren and Sisters: I'll tell you who are not cusses of cowardice. Myself, the author of *Armageddon*, and Dr. McFerrin, author of the Confederate Primer, and Dr. Summers, author of the Confederate Almanac, and Brother Houston, who is getting up a Confederate Bible. We are not "cusses of cowardice," No, sir—no.

My brethren, just get the almanac and look for that Confederate "cuss" of the sun, and then get down Brother Mac's primer and read that heavenly little story about the "Smart Dixie Boy," and then buy a copy of my *Armageddon* for one dollar and fifty cents, and you will fight like—"Eater, messenger, wildly exclaiming, 'Fort Donelson's taken, and the Yankee gunboats are in sight!'" Oh, Lord, my brethren!—oh, Lord!—let's skedaddle!

The discourse was here broken short, but the pious author assures us that it will be published in full in his next edition of *Armageddon*, which he requests us to say he will sell at one dollar and a half.

The MUD-SILLS OF THE NORTH.—Some South Carolinian, a few years since, made some taunting remarks about our Savings Banks, an institution, it seems, that was not appreciated in the Palmetto State. From a late official report, I see that these Banks in our city, have on deposit nearly four millions of dollars. All these dollars are the hard earned savings of a class, of which the world takes but little notice, but which it cannot by any means do without. Without this class, even the Fifth Avenue Hotel Committee might not be able to wear spotless linen, or get their daily bread, even by praying for it. The mechanics, laborers, brick-layers, hod-carriers, carmen, washerwomen, and omnibus drivers of this city, have really saved, and have placed on interest, at 6 per cent, the magnificent sum of \$40,000,000! Does this speak badly for the social system of our Northern cities? Verily, the "mud-sills" of the North are planted on foundations of solid gold! Their escutcheons are that glittering yellow, which glitters in the eye alike of prince and peasant, and leads willing captive, both the savage and civilized!—N. Y. Cor. St. Joseph Herald.

Why is the Southern Confederacy like a beautiful young lady? Because upon the whole—it is a perfect dam-sel.

## EN AVANT!

O, God, let us not live these days in vain,  
This variegated life of doubt and hope;  
And though, as day leads night, so joy leads pain,  
Let it be symbol of a broader scope.

God! make us serve the monitor within;  
Cast off the trammels that bow manhood down,  
Of form or custom, appetite or sin,  
The cure for folly's smile or envy's frown.

Oh! that true nobleness that rises up,  
And teaches man his kinship to the stars;  
Which wakes the slaving from the poison cup  
Of passion, bidding him be grandly free:

May it be ours, in these evil days,  
That fall upon our nation like a pall;  
May we have power each one himself to raise,  
And place God's signet on the brow of all!

Not race nor color is the badge of slaves;  
'Tis manhood, after all, that makes man free;  
Weakness is slavery; 'tis but mind that saves  
God's glorious image as He willed it be.

Out of the shadows thick, will come the day,  
Send Peace and Plenty smiling o'er our land;  
And the events that fill us with dismay,  
Are but the implements of God's right hand.

Where patriot blood is poured as cheap as rain,  
A newer freedom, phoenix-like, will spring;  
Our Father never asks for us in vain:  
From noble seed comes noble living.

Then let, to-day, true nobleness be ours;  
That we be worthy of the day of battles,  
When truth, and love, and freedom's allied powers  
Shall bind all nations with fraternal ties.

Would we might see, as did the saint of old,  
The heaven opening, and the story thence  
Listening to hear our tale of peace be told,  
That they may hymn man's resurrection song!

[From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury.]

From the Capitol—A Rebel Reduced.  
From the letter of our unsurpassed correspondent, it will be seen that the Orange County Howitzers, attached to the Mackerel Brigade, have reduced a rebel and "re-constructed" him. The battle was conducted on strictly Constitutional principles, and is said to have given great satisfaction to the Democratic party.

FROM WASHINGTON.  
EDWIN T. T.—The stirring times are again upon the maddest of the year, and I am beginning to believe, my boy, that what is to be will be, and what has been, though still without my Gothic charger Pegasus, that symmetrical charger having been borrowed for a writing desk, by a Secretary of the Frontier, I am enabled to keep up communication with the Mackerel corps *damme* down the river, and ten thousand Star Spangled Banners flash through my veins as I relate the recent great artillery expedition of the Orange County Howitzers.

It seems, my boy, that an intellectual member of the Mackerel Brigade got tired of investing Yorktown, and wandered away in pursuit of adventure. As he peregrinated in the neighborhood of a rebel domicile, he beheld what he took for the bird of our country, stalking out of the barn yard, and was taking measures to confiscate it, when the proprietor made his appearance, and says he:

"Hessian, spare that goose!"  
The Mackerel chap gave a tragic start, and says he:  
"Tis the eagle I would rescue Horatio; the bird celebrated by my brother, the Congressman, in all his speeches."

"Well," says the fool traitor, "it is undoubtedly what the Congressman takes for an Eagle, as I am aware that Congressmen generally treat the American bird as a goose; but as that gander happens to belong to one of the very first families of Virginia, and cost me four shillings, it becomes my painful duty to resist your halcyon corpus act." And with that he drove the beautiful bird into the barn-yard, and locked the gate.

Fired to fury by this insult from one of those whom our army had come to protect, the Mackerel chap went immediately back to quarters, and appealed to his comrades for vengeance.

That gifted officer, Samyule Sam-bird, heard his burning words, and says he, "The cannon of the Union shall speak in this matter. Let the Orange County Howitzers get ready for the action, and I will lead them against the Philistines."

Instantly arose the note of the dreadful preparation; the guns were mobilized, six English gentlemen in the hozier-business were invited to view the coming battle, and just as the moon rose above the trees, the artillery started for the rebel stronghold.

Arriving before the offending house, the howitzers were placed in line, and all got ready for the bombardment. It was just possible, my boy, that two men might have marched into that house and captured the misguided Confederacy without slaughter. You may be unable to see what use there was in bringing artillery, and forming in line of battle; but you know nothing about strategy and war.

"Soldiers," says Samyule, "remember that the eyes of the whole world are upon you at this moment, and endeavor to hit the house as often as possible. We will fire one round without ball," says Samyule "to see if the powder is first class."

Now it chanced that while the loading was going on, the gallant Lieutenant Lemmons got his legs wonderfully entangled in the lanyard of his piece, and kept turning the howitzer around in a manner strongly expressive of nervous agitation. Suddenly he stepped across to where Samyule was standing, and whispered in his ear.

"O, I see," says Samyule kindly, "you were educated at West Point; which end of the cannon ought to be pointed at the enemy? Well," says Samyule, instructively, "you'd better point the end with the hole in it."

Everything being in readiness, my boy,

the combined battery launched its thunder on the air, creating a great sensation in the neighboring hen-roosts, and causing a large rooster to fall from a branch in the midst of his refreshing slumber.

"Now, that the powder had sustained its reputation," says Samyule impressively, "let the two-inch balls be hurled at the enemies' works."

As the house was full ten yards off, this second discharge failed to hit it; but it brought the Southern Confederacy to the window in his night-cap, and says he:

"There's no use of my trying to sleep, if you chaps keep making such a noise down there."

"Unhappy man," says Samyule, solemnly, "we come here to reduce you, and will listen to nothing but unconditional surrender."

The Confederacy gaped, and says he: "I'm very sleepy, and can't talk to you now; and I'll call over in the morning." And he shut the window and went back to bed. A frown was observed to steal over the face of Samyule. He has a peculiar countenance, and a frown affects it strangely. Take his mouth and mustache together, and they remind you of a mouse sunning himself on the edge of his hole; and when the frown comes on, the mouse acts as though he had a stomachache.

"Comrades," says Samyule, the enemy requires another round, and we must do it on the square. Fire!"

Like four and twenty thunder storms the howitzers roared together, and had not the Orange County veterans forgotten to put in any balls, there is reason to believe that some windows would have been broken. Another discharge however was more successful, as it knocked the top off the chimney.

The Southern Confederacy appeared at the window, and says he:  
"If you fellows don't quit that racket, down there, you'll irritate me pretty soon."

This significant remark caused a sudden cessation of the bombardment, and Samyule hastily called a council of war.

"Gentlemen," says Samyule, "a new issue has arisen. If we irritate the Southern Confederacy, all hopes for a future Union and re-construction may be destroyed."

A chap who was a Democrat suddenly flamed up at this, and says he:  
"The abolitionists caused this terrible war, and it is our business, as no-party men, to finish it Constitutionally. If we irritate this man, no power on earth will ever make him submit to reconstruction. Ask him."

Here the Democratic chap took a large taste of tobacco, and sighed for his country.

"Mr. Davis," says Samyule to the Confederacy at the window, "if we do not irritate you, will you consent to be re-constructed?"

"Re-constructed!" says the Confederacy thoughtfully; "re-constructed! Ah!" says he, "you mean will I consent to be born again?"

"Yes," says Samyule, metaphysically; "will you consent to be born again, as we have borne with you heretofore?"

The Confederacy thought awhile, and then says he:  
"Consider me re-constructed."

As that was all the Constitution asked, of course there was no more to be done, and the Orange County Howitzers returned to their original position in the mire, the English gentlemen remarking that the appearance and discipline of our troops were satisfactory to Albion.

Fighting according to the Constitution my boy, is such an admirable way of preventing carnage, that some doctor ought to take out a patent for it as a cheap medicine.

Yours to come, and  
OARNECS C. KEAR.

A good answer was given by Col. Myers to a secession lady in Gallatin, Tenn. The Colonel is a California Sheriff, and has been employed by the Government in making arrests of notable rebels in East Tennessee. The scene described took place at Judge Guild's residence, in Gallatin, whither the Colonel had gone to arrest the Judge. Mrs. G. "wished she had the power, she would drive the Hessians out of the country very quick."

"Yes," said the officer, "but we have the power, and intend to drive the enemies of the country in."

"Very well," said the lady, "you need not think that you can force our people into the Union."

"We intend to force the soil in, anyhow," said Col. Myers, "and if the people can't afford to come in, they had better get off."

## SONG OF THE SECESSION WARRIOR.

SLIGHTLY ALTERED FROM THE CHOCTAW.

I made a spear of a Yankee's jaw,  
And in New Orleans I shot his square—  
I shot his child like a yelling war,  
He had no time to fiddle on his har.  
Hoot! hoot! hoot! for the rebel general!  
Wah! wah! wah! for the blasted slave!

I scraped his skull all naked and bare,  
And tore his scalp with a tuft of hair  
His heart is in the buzzard's maw,  
His bloody bones the wolf dog gnaw.  
Hoot! hoot! hoot! for the Yankee general!  
Wah! wah! wah! for the blasted slave!

With percussion caps we filled each gun,  
And put torpedoes where he'd run;  
And with poisoned bullets and poisoned run,  
Helped him along to kingdom come!  
Hoot! hoot! hoot! for the Yankee general!  
Wah! wah! wah! for the blasted slave!

Hot Gospel.  
Stated preaching may be expected in this place every two weeks.

My BRETHRENN—We will open on this occasion, by singing to the long metre, what the Democrats (who can't go to heaven) might call a negro song, but which, my brethren, is properly a colored Sam. And while your preacher lines out, you will sing, particularly the sisterhood, as I like to hear their voices—ah!

From Africa the negro came,  
Arise, my brethren, bless his name!  
Stand up, my brethren, bless the day  
The negro came from Africa.

He is the object of our love,  
In him we live, in him we move,  
For him we preach—for him we pray—  
For him we meet from day to day.

Remember 'twas the white man's sin  
Which played his foot and bowed his chin,  
His chin was straight as straight could be,  
Till they were bowed in sin.